

work, including the Renew America Foundation Award and the Chevron Times Mirror Conservation Award. From the Salmonid Restoration Federation he was presented with the distinguished Nat Bingham Restorationist of the Year award.

Mel Kreb has been unflagging in his commitment to his community. In addition to his long and distinguished career in the California Conservation Corps, Mel has served on numerous boards of directors, including the Humboldt State Alumni Association, the Backcountry Horsemen of California and the Humboldt Democratic Central Committee. He was a charter member of the Fortuna Certified Farmer's Market and is active in the Fortuna Kiwanis as well as serving as the chair of the Redcrest Volunteer Fire Department.

Mel's dedication to his community has been shared by his wife Hollis and passed along to their children Gabriel and Helena.

Mel is being recognized this year for his outstanding contributions to the political process by the Humboldt County Democratic Central Committee as the "Democrat of the Year, 2005."

Mr. Speaker, it is appropriate at this time that we recognize Melvin Horton Kreb for his contribution to the ideals and traditions that have made our country a great nation.

TRIBUTE TO MARY RITA GENDRON

HON. MARTIN T. MEEHAN

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, October 7, 2005

Mr. MEEHAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay my respects to Mary Rita Downing Gendron. Mary passed away on Wednesday, September 14, 2005, at the age of 84. Mary was born in Lowell on December 24, 1920, the daughter of John and Rose Purcell Downing. For 60 years, she was the beloved wife of the late Arthur W. Gendron, a former Lowell firefighter.

Mrs. Gendron is survived by three daughters and two sons, Geraldine R. McSwiggin and her husband Jack of Dracut, William A. Gendron and his wife Paula Skrekas, Patricia A. Tobin and her husband Kevin, Christine G. Florence and her husband William, and Stephen J. Gendron and his wife Katherine Kijanka, all of Lowell, as well as a son-in-law Bruce G. Johnson, also of Lowell.

She is also survived by four sisters-in-law, and three brothers-in-law, Barbara McSweeney Downing, formerly of Lowell, Leo and Terry Gendron, Francis and Jane Gendron, both of Lowell, and Gerald and Terry Gendron of Salem, NH.

She was the mother of the late Mary R. Gendron Johnson, sister of the late John W. Downing, Harold Downing, Christine Downing Lisien, Gertrude and Madeline Downing, and the sister-in-law of the late Elizabeth Armstrong Downing, Walter Lisien, Gladys Gendron Lowell, Leighton, Leonard and Raymond Gendron.

Mrs. Gendron leaves 20 grandchildren, Meredith Johnson Wall, Kirsten Johnson, Katie McSwiggin Cochran, Laurie McSwiggin Tirado, Maureen and John McSwiggin, Daniel, Tricia and Kristina Tobin, William, Maggie and Patrick Florence, Kathleen, Elena, William, Paul, Stephen, Matthew, Michael and Christopher

Gendron, 3 great-grandchildren, Julia and Hannah Cochran and Alex Tirado, and many nieces and nephews.

I ask unanimous consent to enter into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD the eloquent words that Steven Gendron, Mary's son, wrote and delivered at his Mother's funeral.

It is an honor for me to stand here today and share the collective reflections of my brother and sisters, Gerry, Billy, Patty, Chrissie and me, about the life of my Mom. I have to tell you, that everyone of us wanted to do this, but, I'm the baby, and I usually get my way.

I stopped into a photo store a couple days ago to get copies of some pictures that we wanted to display at the wake and funeral. I explained to the saleswoman what I wanted, and I didn't notice an old acquaintance of mine standing at the counter just a few feet away. When the sales lady stepped away, the old friend surprised me by saying "Are you having a celebration Steve?" "Oh Hi," I replied, "No, actually, my Mom passed away yesterday and we just wanted to display some pictures at the wake." Now the woman felt bad and said, "oh, I'm sorry to hear that." The sales lady returned and I finished my business, and as I walked out of the store, the old friend said, "Steve, you know, it will be a celebration . . . a celebration of her life." I was touched by the comment and I said, "you're right, it will be a celebration."

So, we're happy to see all of you here today, to help us celebrate the life of a woman we all loved.

And Mary loved to celebrate. She loved to dance, and she loved to sing. We can all remember her singing around the house all the time. I have a vivid memory of her when I was about 6 years old, one of those memories that is so clear it's like a little video clip in your mind. She's walking across the kitchen, while I'm eating breakfast, snapping her fingers and singing, "Nothing could be finer, than to be in Carolina, in the morning". I don't think she'd ever been to Carolina, except maybe for a stopover on the drive down to Florida, but she liked the song, singing it made her happy, and it made us happy too.

And she loved to be with her friends. Back in the old days there were the Bon Ton Girls, a group of high school friends that would hang together and go to dances. I saw a few of the Bon Ton Girls last night, and one of them told me how they would run their own fundraisers, to rent a place at the beach during the summer. Kay McCabe can give you more details on that little group if you're interested.

And then there was the "Club," the group of Gendron sisters-in-law, and a few honorary sisters-in-law, that would get together on Saturday evenings when the boys were off playing cards. We can remember them meeting in the "parlor", or front room, of our house on A Street. They'd bring their knitting, they'd sit, they'd chat and laugh up a storm.

And then later in life there was the Clark Rd. knitting group that would get together for much the same type of thing on a regular basis.

Mom was completely, and totally dedicated to her family. She could teach our politicians a few things about family values. And she probably learned those from her own close family growing up. Her brother Johnny was like a father to her, and Uncle John and Aunt Sis were like grandparents to us. She adored her sister Tina, and her brother Harold meant the world to her.

In our family, she was our foundation; always in the background—always there to support us. Growing up my brother and sisters and I never really worried about any-

thing. There was no problem that seemed too big, no hurdle that seemed too high, nothing we couldn't accomplish. Because our foundation was strong—Mom was always there to support and encourage us.

Mom taught us many things. She taught us about love and commitment through her relationship with my father. For 60 years most everybody knew her as half of either Mary & Arthur, Ma & Dad or Nana & Grampy. It was a true lifelong love story. She waited for him while he fought the Nazis, and when he returned there was no turning back. Oh, don't get me wrong, they had trying moments like any couple, but in the end they cared more about each other than they did themselves. And there was never any question that they would be together to the end.

Mary was truly a professional wife and mother. She had all the qualifications:

Cooking: Mary would best be termed an Irish Cook. There was never a recipe book in our house, yet there was always a stew or spaghetti in the big silver pot on the stove, and if a few extra people showed up, well a can of soup and a bottle of ketchup could stretch it a long way.

And you know, Arthur was one of those guys who expected dinner to be on the table and hot when he arrived home from work. In the morning, coffee was to be percolated, never that instant stuff. Well, Billy tells the story of how one morning he caught Mom reaching deep into the cabinet for a bottle of Taster's Choice. She gave him a wink and a "Shhh" as she poured it into the coffee pot. That morning, and every morning, Arthur thought the coffee was delicious. I wonder how many times it really was fresh brewed.

Sewing: Mom's sewing machine was always humming, but her sewing skills mirrored her cooking skills. She was no seamstress but had functional sewing skills. She was good at modifying what she had, Gerry remembers her hemming and altering everything, and it wasn't uncommon for this year's new dress to be an updated version of last year's.

Ironing: You haven't worn a shirt until you've worn one ironed by Mary Gendron. Never a wrinkle. She even put starch in your underwear. Except there was the time that she burned an iron-sized hole into Chrissie's bridesmaid dress, 2 days before Patty's wedding. Fortunately her functional sewing skills kicked in and she patched it up, and nobody knew the difference.

Home Decorating: With the change of seasons Mom would make new curtains, rearrange the furniture or paint the room. It used to drive my Father crazy because she'd usually end up painting the windows shut.

Shopping: Mom was the ultimate bargain hunter. She loved nothing more to spend the days with Mrs. Barrows or one of her other "chums", as she would call them, out sifting through the bins in search of a good deal. She was always in search of something nice for her kids or grandkids at a price that fit her budget.

Typing: My mother was actually an accomplished secretary. She could type like the wind and she was an excellent speller. She never obtained a college degree, but based on the number of college papers she proofread and typed, we figure she's earned at least six.

Mom was so proud of her kids and her grandkids. She'd beam when she told you that we were all college educated and successful in our careers. And her pride only increased as our own families began to blossom. She treated her daughters and sons-in-law as if they were her own, and she always made time for each of her 20 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren, making each one of them feel special.

As you all know, for the last 10 years or so, my mother has been a victim of Alzheimer's Disease. It is a terrible disease that my father once termed a "living death". At first,

the symptoms she exhibited are those that most people are familiar with, such as forgetfulness and disorientation. But as the symptoms become more debilitating, she became harder and harder to care for. Thank God for my Dad, who truly rose to the occasion, keeping her at home much longer than would normally have been possible. But ultimately, we were forced to provide professional care for her.

This is when we found Life Care Center of the Merrimack Valley. I have to tell you, our first impression of the place was not good. In fact, it was horrible. Mom's transition was painful. She fought every step of the way. There were many tears. But slowly, Mom and the rest of us began to grow accustomed to her new environment.

Slowly, we began to learn about the later stages of this disease and how to cope with it. We learned that Mom and the other residents of the unit, while trapped inside their own bodies, could give you a glimpse of their personalities if you worked at it. Slowly, all of us, children, spouses and grandchildren, learned not to be afraid of these patients, but instead to embrace them and try to make their lives just a little more pleasant. In doing so, we all made new friends. We can't say enough about the caregivers at Life Care. They treat each resident with respect and dignity, while somehow maintaining their sense of humor. They are truly doing God's work on earth. Mom had found a new family there, and so had we.

So, in the final years of her life, nearly helpless, and unable to communicate, Mom still had something else to teach us. This time she taught us about compassion.

And do you know, that even in her challenged condition, she could spell almost any word you asked, she could recite the Lord's Prayer in its entirety, and she could still sing. She could sing When Irish Eyes are Smiling from beginning to end, Let me call you Sweetheart and yes, "Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the Morning." I guess some memories never fade.

In the end, Mary became as comfortable at Life Care as anyone could in her condition. She became known around the nursing home as Mary, the girl who liked to dance. The last time I saw her, just a week ago, my son Mike and I walked her up and down the halls of the nursing home. At least 15 employees stopped us along the way and gave her a big hello, and some did a little dance with her. Mary gave them all a smile, and it prompted Mike to say, "Boy Dad, Nana's really popular." In fact, one of the nurses told me last night that Mary, was.

In closing, I have to say how proud I am to be a part of this family. During both Mom and Dad's illness, everybody stepped up to the plate. Thank God Chrissie chose to pursue the medical profession, she was always the first phone call, and always there to put the medical jargon in laymans terms. We truly valued her advice. And Gerry is just always there. Whatever you need, whatever you want, Gerry will get it for you, even if it means great inconvenience to her own family. Billy was the father-figure, always there for the heavy lifting, and to take care of the business end of things. And Patty was the principal, the peacemaker, always keeping the communication lines open, and keeping us sane. As Chrissie put it, everybody contributed, and nobody wimped out. I think Mom and Dad are proud of us today.

When you leave today, if you should think about Ma, or Mary, or Nana in the future, we hope you don't think about the woman afflicted with Alzheimer's Disease. We hope you think about the woman who enjoyed the simple things in life, a woman content to be the quiet foundation of the family, a woman who would sing while serving breakfast, and

the woman who may well have left us with words from the song that my sisters chose for the back of the program today:

I hope you still feel small when you stand beside the ocean.

Whenever one door closes, I hope that one more opens.

Promise me that you'll give faith the fighting chance.

And if you get the chance to sit it out or dance.

I hope you dance.

IN HONOR OF TED SARBIN

HON. SAM FARR

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, October 7, 2005

Mr. FARR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor my dear friend Ted Sarbin, who recently passed away at his Carmel home in my Central California district. He was 94. I knew Ted first as a friend of my late father, but the academic world knew Dr. Sarbin as a pioneering research psychologist who helped shape the modern science of psychology.

Born Theodore Ray Sarbin on May 8, 1911, Ted rose from humble beginnings in Cleveland, Ohio, as one of six children of Russian immigrant parents. As a young man, he rode the rails as a hobo, an experience he later said helped him identify with people on the margins of society. In 1941, he earned a Ph.D. from Ohio State University and did further post doctorate work at the University of Chicago. His dissertation used data gathered at the University of Minnesota to examine the relative accuracy of statistical versus clinical prediction of undergraduate success. During this time he also collaborated on research to measure hypnotic depth. This work pioneered research in these fields and framed the questions for hundreds of subsequent studies by psychologists.

In 1949, after a short stint as a clinical psychologist in Illinois and Los Angeles, he joined the faculty at UC Berkeley. In 1969, he left UC Berkeley to join the faculty at UC Santa Cruz. During these academic years, he gained the reputation as an energetic teacher and graduate student mentor, supervising more students than any other faculty member in his department. He also gained the reputation as a prolific author of studies and journal articles. He focused his work on psychopathology—the study of anti-social behavior and its root causes and effects. He became known as "Mr. Role Theory," defending the unorthodox view that the label "mental illness" was often used as a moral judgment to express or exert social power over those whose conduct was perceived as unwanted or dangerous.

In the course of his academic career, Ted published over 250 scientific articles and book chapters. He received scores of honors, including both Fulbright and Guggenheim fellowships. He received the Morton Prince Award from the Society for Clinical Experimental Hypnosis, as well as the Henry Murray Award from the American Psychological Association. In 2001, the Western Psychological Association recognized him with a lifetime achievement award. Although Ted officially retired in 1976, he never stopped working. He continued to teach and write throughout his life. Recently in Washington, D.C., Ted presented a new

award named in his honor as part of the annual American Psychological Association convention.

Ted was perhaps best known for pioneering work he did on the subject of gays in the military. From 1987 until just before his death, Ted was a researcher for the Defense Personnel Security Research and Education Center at the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, California. The Department of Defense founded the Center to study the impact of psychology on national security in the wake of its discovery of a spy ring embedded in the Navy. He had been at the Center less than a year when he co-authored a report which found no evidence to support the idea that gay and lesbian soldiers pose a security risk. The report later became public in 1990 when it was published under the title "Gays in Uniform: The Pentagon's Secret Reports."

The Report's publication propelled Ted into the spotlight. However, despite its notoriety, the "Gays in Uniform" report simply reflected the theme of Ted's life work: Listen to others and refrain from judgment in reporting the facts. Ted called this narrative psychology—listen to what the patient has to say rather than rush to characterize them.

Ted had a devoted following of former students and colleagues. He established a custom 40 years ago of hosting an annual party where he would present his own award "Role Theorist of the Year," to one of those gathered. He presided over these celebrations with grace and wit. This past August, he hosted his final such banquet which drew over sixty participants.

Ted bought a vacation home in Carmel in the 1950s. He moved to my hometown for good in the 1970s. He loved to golf and played almost every Monday, always aiming to shoot his age, which he achieved at 89. He and his wife, Genevieve, often hosted elaborate costume parties where he always played the part of Don Quixote—a role he often played in his professional life.

Ted is survived by his sons Jim Allen, Ronald Allen, and Theodore Sarbin; sister Ruth Landy; domestic partner Karen Soback; four grandchildren: Mathew Allen, Chelsea Allen, Park Allen, and Link Allen; and two great grandchildren: MacKenzie Allen and Delaney Allen; and numerous people who still love and cherish him. His late wife Genevieve Sarbin, died in 1999.

IN HONOR OF THE UKRAINIAN AMERICAN VETERANS, POST #24 OF PARMA, OHIO

HON. DENNIS J. KUCINICH

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, October 7, 2005

Mr. KUCINICH. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in tribute and recognition of the Ukrainian American Veterans, Post #24, of Parma, Ohio, as they will preside over the blessing of a commemorative monument anchoring the "Walkway of Remembrance" within the Ohio Western Reserve National Cemetery in Rittman, Ohio.

The newly erected monument will forever symbolize the bravery and sacrifice of the men and women of Ukrainian heritage who heeded the call of duty on behalf of our country. The